

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; Ile loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch come reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile boord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, st ill harping on my daughter, yet
he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old
men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies
purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a
plentie

Prince of Denmarke.

plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
fit though I most powerfully and potently belecue, yet I hold it
not honestie to haue it thus set down, for your selfe sir shall grow
old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you
walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason
and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I wil leaue
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my
life. *Enter Guildensterne, and Rosencraw.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guy. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guildensterne?*
A Rosencraw, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-
Guy. Faith her priuates we. *(uors.)*

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet
What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. *(true;)*

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonour?*

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halspeny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-
tion? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guy. VVhat should we say my Lord?

Ham.